

Popish *Nat's Lamentation*

DIALOGUE

*Nat. Thompson, the Popish Printer, and
The Popish Midwife, upon his arrival
in Newgate April 5, 1682.*

Mid.

A Las! dear *W^m. art thou here? hither too?*
After that thou haft kept so much aday? mon I
When we did hope by thee and thy two Tools
T'have seen the silly *Professors* made Fools?

How comes it *Nat.*, that it thus comes to pass? so main vna
That thou hast prov'd, thy selfe the silly *AG?*

Nat. Dear Mother *Midnight*, I was now mistaken,
For I believ'd I could have sav'd my *Bacon*; mon I
Some men there were did Promise, Swear and Now,
And by the *Mas*s they did confirm it too,
That what they wrot, to print I should not doubt,
And at a pinch that they would bear me out.

Mid. So say'd they once to me, yet here I lie
The very men who once let *Coleman* die.
But yet to comfort thee, whilst thou art here,
Thou shall have wine, and money, and good cheer:
For I have reason who haue found it so,
To think them the best Keepers I do know.

Nat. But what will the CURT *Whigs* now do and say,
Janewy will rant now he has won the day:
Lampoons and Songs, upon me will be made,
Laught at by every Fool and huffing Blade,
I shall the talk be now of the whole Town,
And *Whigs* will boast how they haue run me down.

Mid. Dear *Nat.* 'twas boldly ventur'd at to think you won't
The Council prove what you did undertake,
When you declar'd that honorable board,
Would put you into a method prools to afford,
Did'st think they world believe our forged stories,
Or that they all were such as we falle *Foxes*.

Nat. My Impudence which all the world doth know,
Has dar'd at that which punies durst not do:
I thought to me it would a safegard prov'd
With those, who I believ'd the *Tories* lov'd,
But han't they now made good what I did say,
And how to prove it put me in a way?

From *Newgate* at the first our project flew,
Council we here may get and *Witnes* too.

Mid. Could'st thou indeed have made the world such *Vimmers*,
As to believe thee, thou had'st got the *Gulaniess*,
Thou had'st been rich, and wallowed in thy pelf,
Could'st thou have prov'd Sir. *Godly*, kill'd himself,
Thou fairly proser'd'st at it, and for that,
They'll write thee in the *Calendar* St. *Nat.*

Nat. Sir. *W* — whom I have often CURT,
Will laugh at me until his *Buttons* burst,

Indeed

Indeed it is a great unhappy Chance,
That my great friend is lately gone to France.
Had she been here, I could have made a shift,
She would have helpt me at so Dead a lift.

Mid. Clear up thy drooping heart let it not sink,
Here you'll have leisure for to plot and think,
Fear not the Cause dear, Nat, tho' thou art here,
Nor do not droop, because the Whigs will jeer,
There's Horatio his forces up will muster,
And the Observer twice a week will bluster.

Nat. But now I'm got into the wicked City,
I know that they of me will have no pity:
I have abus'd them so they'll now me pay,
Action, on Action, on my back they'll lay
So that, dear Midwife, I begin to doubt,
I from this place shall never more get out,

Mid. No Ignoramus Juries you will find,
For you to them have always prov'd unkind.
So many in this City given offence,
By putting them in your Intelligence,
That you must now look for no mercy here,
Yet droop not Nat, for we will make good cheer.

Nat. I don't the Citizens nor City love,
And shortly did from them intend to move,
I was about some hundreds out to lay,
Had I but done this job and won the day:
I did intend to herd among your crew,
And with my press my gainful Trade pursue.

Mid. Come Nat, fear not, we shall be rich and great,
The Tories at the last the Whigs shall beat:
The turning Tide begins to flow a pace,
And shortly you will see another face,
My friend th' Astrologer has drawn a Scheme,
He tells me so and I dare Credit him.

Nat. Unlikely 'tis that Popery should advance,
In England, when 'tis going down in France,
The Whigs of late begin to grin and sneer,
They have more hopes than we do know I fear:
I now may think of all my sins are past,
If they prevail I shall be hang'd at last.

Mid. Ne'r fear thy Neck, but save thee if we can't,
Dear Nat, thou shalt be made a Tiburn Saint.
And all of us will thy black Sins sing,
Whil'st thou art going to Heav'n in aswing,
At least thou then shalt die with great applause,
And the honour have to suffer for our Cause.

Nat. Die like a fullen Dog, and ne'r confess,
That I a gainst my Conscience did transgres,
That I was wheaded by the Jesuits train,
And that I turn'd for the ungodly Gain.
Tell me of Saint-Sip, and a Religious gree?
I look'd for Gold, and to be Knighted here,
I fear I did not well my Measures cast
If I at Tiburn should be hang'd at last.

Mid. I see you're Melancholie, let's go in,
And with good Jack, we'll wash away thy sin:
Our hopes are great, our turn will come again,
A Fig for France if we can England Win.